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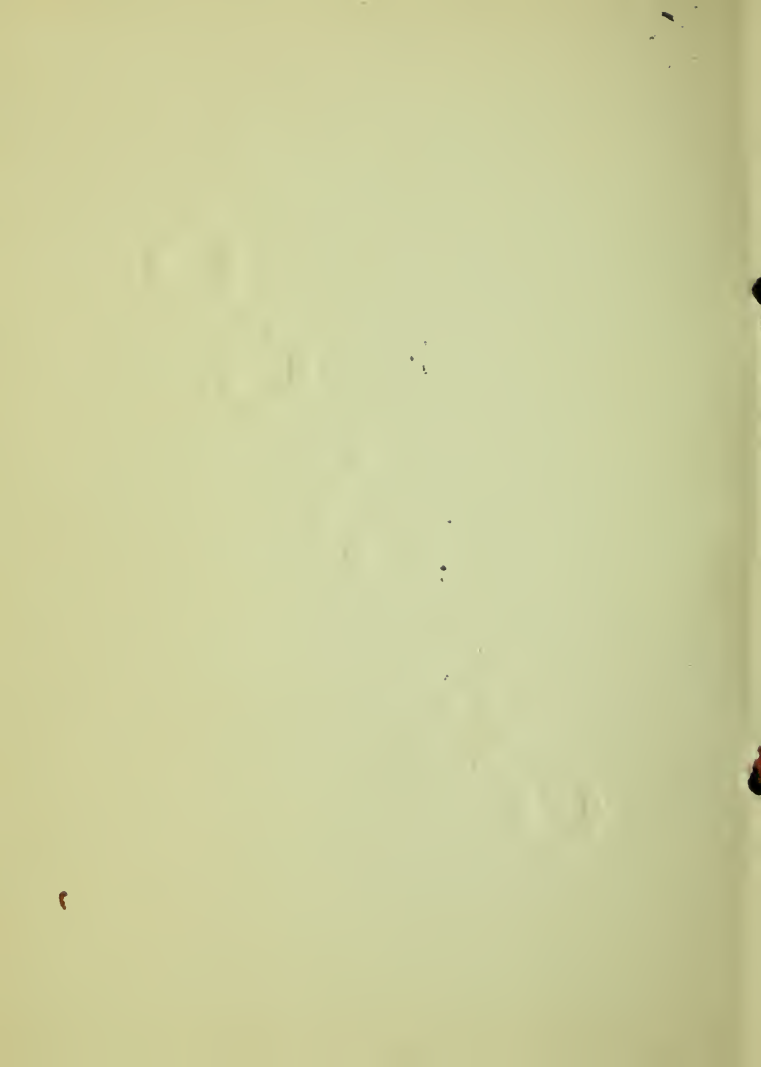


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1890

CHICAGO

A. Easton





CHICAGO.

BY

ARAGO.



Arago
/ *Easton.*

1890

JOHNSON, PRINTER, BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

PS 1567
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*Nine muses all, awake; descend—
My soul inspire, my song attend.
From Homer's alter come with fire,
Bid Virgil tune my untried lyre;
In Pope's smooth flow dictate my verse
And let my soul his thoughts rehearse.
Let Dryden touch the trembling string—
Give ear all nations while I sing.*

CHICAGO.



CHICAGO, by the inland sea,
My lyre is tuned to sing of thee :
Whose future greatness none can tell—
Whose growth's without a parallel.
The people and the press declare
Your right to hold the world's next fair

In this new Mecca of the west
Whose star of empire dims the rest.
Five brief decades has seen thee rise
From swaddling clothes to giant size,
'Till now thou art Columbia's joy
Out-shining Priam's ancient Troy.
Thy parks eclipse the sylvan shades ;—
Thy nymphs surpass the Grecian maids ;—
Thy gardens Eden here bestows
With fairer flowers than Sharon's rose.
Thy Lincoln park with smiling face
Made beautiful by art, to grace
A city and a sacred name
Whose blood redeemed the bondsman's shame.
'Twixt rising and the setting sun
Improvement's ever going on.

Some charm is added to the scene
To keep in memory, ever green,
Delightful pleasures, here enjoyed
When trouble has our peace destroyed.
Here quiet dells and shady groves
Record the vows of plighted loves.
The bashful swain for courage sighs ;—
Consuming love his need supplies :
With stam'ring tongue he asks for bliss
And modest beauty whispers " yes "
While Luna, Sol's celestial bride
Her blush to spare, 'neath clouds doth hide,
The bosom of the peaceful lake,
To anger oft the storm doth wake ;
While little wavelets o'er and o'er
With fury dash upon the shore,
But storms abated, sinks to rest
Like child upon a mother's breast.
The downy swan the throng doth view
Out-sailing e'en the swift canoe,
It's graceful neck doth turn, to scan
The efforts, impotent, of man
Who strives, by aid of art, to go
Still swifter than his feathered foe.
The dark sea lion swiftly glides
Beneath or on the surface rides.
A cheerless den the wolf confines ;
He trots in circles, plaintive whines—
His mournful cry pleads all in vain
To rocks that echo ne'er again.

No more, Sir Wolf, you'll roam the wood
Or scent in chase a victim's blood.
Here wise old bruin seems to know
He's quite a feature of the show ;
He climbs the pole with lazy ease,
Amuses all, himself to please.
The prairie dog in play doth sport
And to and from his hole resort,
Cautiously peeps without in fear,
Nor ventures forth 'till coast is clear.
The bison, last of extinct race—
Lord of the plains—now in disgrace,
With spirit broken, bows his head,
And, lowering 'neath his humble shed
Calls for his comrades of the plain
But calls unanswered : all are slain.
Our eagle, monarch of the air—
Wing-clipped, a Sampson shorn of hair
And captive, mourns his prestige lost
And trails his pinions in the dust.
These living pictures all may see—
To nature true—like nature free.
On inland seas, (celestial blue,)
Proud ships full oft their course pursue,
From Lake Superior's rugged shore
Past pictured rocks where breakers roar,
And forests dense—pine, hemlock, oak,
Fade quickly 'neath the woodman's stroke.
From Erie in the lengthy chain
From " Knott's Duluth " and back again,

Fruit, grain and lumber, bark and ore
All seek Chicago's market shore.
"All roads to Rome"—all sail this chart—
Contribute to this mighty mart.
Majestic steamers evenings make
Moonlight excursions on the lake ;
Sweet strains of music please the ear,
The Gods approve and banish fear.
The dancers to the music's tune
Keep time while souls with souls commune.
The weary maiden's languid form
Reclines upon her lover's arm ;
The hour, the air, the stars above
Fill ev'ry soul with rapt'rous love.
Thousands of trains each day come in,
As many more depart again.
Suburban towns are thickly seen
Like bees around their ruling queen.
Her law is gospel that protects—
Her council governs and directs.
Self interest prompts to what is right,
And weaker with the strong unite.
The poor shorn lambs ; unsheltered, cold,
No longer bleat to join the fold.
Time's conquered by the iron horse
That swiftly runs his hourly course.
While satellites, round greater light
Like Saturn's moons illumine her night,
Until Chicago stands today
Queen of the western waterway.

Here massive buildings, stately, tall,
In beauty overshadow all.
The massive Auditorium
Like ampitheatre of Rome
Here soars to realms of dizzy height
The city's pride and state's delight.
Costly dwellings adorn the streets
Where grace and beauty smiling greets
With royal welcome in the home
All faithful friends whene'er they come.
Our mansions like a tale by Scott
Equal the grandeur of his thought.
Rich structures of ambitious man,
Fit homes for gods the heavens to scan
Majestic stand, firm as the hills
While treasured art each gallery fills
With paintings rare by master's hand
Who died before his native land
Paid tribute to his obscure name.
In want, distressed, unknown to fame.
Immortal Greece,—the home of art,
Whose works appeal to every heart,
Never attained in palmiest days
The triumphs of Chicago's ways.
Her orator, Demosthenes,
With all his magic power to please ;
Who by his eloquence could move
To direful wrath or tender love—
Unknown to him our blissful shore
Whose anthem is Niagara's roar,

Her splendors and ethereal skies
Where cities in a decade rise ;
Whose merchants with the world compete
And Sinbad's tales of wealth repeat.
No race of men, or bad, or good,
Ever possessed such fortitude
As this great race of Saxon sons
Who won for wives and little ones
Such victories o'er wild nature's face
And made such glorious dwelling place
As here adorns this western world
Since nature's God his planets whirled.
The cities of great Cæsars reign
With all their pomp and warlike train
Ne'er guaranteed such blest abode
Nor peaceful worship of one God.
No feudal lord in castle strong
Defended by his hireling throng
Ever enjoyed such safe repose
As Morpheus here on all bestows ;
Where wealthy, and deserving poor
May sweetly sleep, in peace, secure.
No Babylonian walls surround—
Without, within, no foes abound ;
No gates of brass, not even one ;
No sins like buried Babylon ;
No great draw bridges and no moats,
Save only where proud commerce floats.
Her gates are nature's waterways
That open to the breeze that plays

Upon the friendly sail the tune
Of "Home, Sweet Home," where all commune.
Here life in every varied phase
Breathes freedom's air, no tribute pays
To monarchs, sovereigns of earth—
Who claim by royal blood and birth
The right to rule poor mortal clay :
Here freedom's scepter holds her sway—
Here equal rights and justice too
Are granted as an honest due.
Our press, our pulpit and our state
Proclaim our people wise and great.
Our thrift and push likewise proclaim
Illustrious—great shall live our name.
What more deserving need be said
Or what more flat'ring tribute paid ?
For history's page the world will tell,
Chicago doth the rest excel.
For here beneath God's starry dome
The poor man finds a happy home.
His vine and fig tree of the west
By law's protected, in the best
And only land where conscience may
Its individual creed obey.
No rival nations, pressed for food
Encroach to deluge us in blood.
A thousand leagues here intervene :—
The grand old ocean rolls between,
A barrier with waves and storms
That all our fear of war disarms.

Here busy man with active brain
May speculate in stock and grain.
One deal : a fortune's made or lost,
One day a harvest, next a frost.
Ambition here may test its power ;
Defeat is but a drizzling shower
That moistens the mind for conflicts new
And spurs the victim to pursue
The beaten track and well tried road
Of honest effort for his food.
Yet, all great cities harbor vice—
Virtue demands this sacrifice :—
'Tis so alluring, average man
Yields and repents ; then yields again.
Vice the virtuous mind alloys—
Touch poisons, and embrace destroys.
The baser passions oft indulged
Enslave sage reason's best resolves.
The gambling hell and cyprian's den
Allure from virtue mighty men.
Encouraged, 'tis a festering sore
Stern law must cauterize to cure,
And though at times it breaks and runs
And taints our fast and thoughtless sons,
The body as a whole is free—
It ne'er prevades society.
The lesser passions ; envy, hate ;—
'Tis man's inherited estate
To overcome by force of will—
To conquer,—and to master still

Ourselves, teach others what to do
By precept and example too.
No people will such record leave,—
For ne'er before did race achieve
Within the annals of old time
Works nearer to the great sublime.
No ancient bard nor modern sage
Whose inspired song or profound page
Has quick'n'd pulse and brought the tear
Could overdraw the splendors here.
Nor sun, the God of day, I ween,
Nor smiling moon, night's reigning queen
Ever beheld from Jove's high throne
Such beauty in cold brick and stone.
Destruction, ashes, tears and grief
Were only pruning of the leaf
That now, upon a healthy stem
Adorns the tree that blooms again.
No struggling poet with his lyre
Would sing of any other fire
Than that which laid Chicago low
Less than a score of years ago.
Old Satan too, with all his heat
Owned up his fire was fairly beat.
You ask how we heard from his fire?
Saint Louis has a private wire.
Our progress is her bitter cup,
Like Banquo's ghost she rises up,
Unlike his ghost, though, she goes down
A dethroned queen deprived of crown.

Great God forgive me while I paint
The corpse of this departed "Saint : "
The only greatness she retains
His name adorns her last remains.
At our expense she's often smiled
And called us a precocious child.
Oh take me back my muse again—
Away from envious—jealous men.
Oh speed my pinions from this shore
Of muddy streams and mad uproar ;
Let me inhale the blissful air—
A foretaste of the world's great fair,
Where crystal waters of the lake
Soothe and refresh all who partake.
Let me behold the busy throng
Like waves on waves come surging on
To reach the shore of good success
By nature's law of usefulness.
Where busy man and happy child
To their pursuits are reconciled,—
Wise councils govern, and control
The acts of all, leave free the soul.
When evening draws her sable shade
And all in Morpheus' arms are laid
Our stern police protect in sleep
And all night long their vigil keep.
Their iron nerve in duty's hour
When thickly fell the deadly shower
Of bursted bomb by dynamite
Has proved their courage and their might

To cope with riot ripe for blood,
And to destroy root, branch and bud.
A monument in market square
Records the heroes slaughtered there.
Our flag still floats full filled with stars
That stood the shock of brother's wars.
No alien band with treason's rag
Shall dare decry our country's flag.
Here law's enforced and justice reigns ;
High Heaven approves, as God ordains.
The only safe-guards of content
Are virtuous life—good government.
Chicago is a child in years
A sanguine child that had no fears
That in the race of ninety-two
She'd win the fair, as rightful due.
Where else beneath a peaceful sky
Is room for all, and food supply ?
The soil here teems with every root
While vineyards groan with luscious fruit.
The South ten thousand sweets shall bring,
Rare fruits and flowers her offering ;
The West shall bring her golden grain
Man's bone and sinew to sustain ;
The East with triumphs of her art,
Shall feast the eye, rejoice the heart.
The Middle States shall represent
The products of long lives well spent.
The great Pacific slope shall show
The treasures of the earth below.

All shall proclaim with one accord
Victorious peace has sheathed the sword.
Could great Columbus view this scene
Methinks the splendors of his queen
In all her regal pomp arrayed
Like flowers untimely cut would fade.
How little knew this valiant soul
Who dared the unknown ocean's roll
That he'd bequeathed the Spanish throne
A country richer than its own.
How great the contrast and how good ;
Here's greatness where no human blood
Must feed ambition's hungry flame
Just to immortalize one name.
Oh would that I could importune,
With mine his spirit to commune,
And let his grateful soul make known
Its thoughts sublime to me alone.
Methinks I would a tale unfold
That all the world would wish twice told.
Now virtue marks our prosp'rous sway
And soon will come the glorious day
When all the nations of the globe
Shall hail Columbia's spotless robe.
An emblem worthy to be worn
On ninety-two's reception morn.
Oh what a glorious time 'twill be—
Years ninety-two and ninety-three,
When all the climes of earth shall send
Their offerings, and their sons attend.

New York may boast her millionaires—
They lack the zeal for modern fairs,
And while of wealth they proudly sing,
As to a kite there hangs a string—
A puckering one, around their purse,
When you talk FAIR they PULL of course.
Our great Ulysses' mouldering dust
Asks from the tomb: "Is hōnor lost?"
Legions of goblins should arise
To haunt by day, by night surprise
The ungrateful sons of old New York
Whose only monument is TALK.
We've millions in the bank at hand
And millions more at our command.
United all, Gentile and Jew
To make success in ninety-two.
Electric lights our streets illume
While spice, and balm, and sweet perfume
Pervade the dwelling and the air
To welcome home the world's great fair.
We'll have a wondrous museum
To show the folks who choose to come
From other shores and other zones—
All managed by the famed Sam Jones,
And we will have an Indian show
With all the squaws of Crazy Crow
And Sitting Bull, and many more—
And Indian relics by the score.
And should the relics not take well
We'll have a dance and war-whoop yell.

We'll have corralled a Texas steer,
George Francis Train and other bear.
The mounted cowboy shall pursue
The festive steer with his lasso ;
And show the natives of the East
Phil Armour's canned exported beast.
Should Bismark come, we'll show him then,
The native hog in stock yard pen ;
And prove that 'twas a grave mistake
For diplomat like him to make
To thus forbid Armour's fat swine
To grace the board beyond the Rhine.
We'll entertain our guests all well
And do much more than we can tell.
Our theatres by day and night
Our guests and patrons will delight,
With program varied, every card,
From minstrel song to Avon's bard.
No chestnut jokes in ninety-two—
All, all, shall be brand splinter new ;
Good taste forbids, nor is it meet
That I should mention ladies' feet.
Yet gallantry at least demands
That I obey its stern commands
For when with malice, foes assail,
Girls we'll defend though hell prevail.
We'll show the world and prove it, too,
Our damsels wear no bigger shoe
Than Boston maids or Gotham belles—
Nor have they hypochondria spells.

We'll show them maidens all our own,
True native born and western grown,
Who both in face and form divine
Athenian maids of old outshine.
Nine years of war the Grecian host
Fought for the beauteous Helen lost,
And would if living fight nine more
For just one maiden from our shore.
Why should we hold this mammoth fair?
Congress by vote did so declare
For at the last and final call
We had the votes and wherewithal
And all will come from near and far
By waterway and inland car
To center, here, of thrift and wealth,
Of life and growth and perfect health,
Where there is room and ample food
To serve the feast and serve it good.
Our railroad lines by far excel
In number, freight, and speed as well.
All other cities on this sphere—
For leading roads all center here.
Our truthful press sounds loud the note,
The chorus swells, and zephyrs float
The stirring theme of ninety-two
Until our rivals feel so blue,
They lower their flags in sore defeat
And with forced smile the victor greet.
Our press deserves a vote of thanks
And home beyond the stormy banks

Of Jordan's shore and rocky road
Where rest the faithful and the good.
The poet's lyre has lost a string
In ninety-two again he'll sing
The glories of the church and state
Where teachings wise predominate.
E'en now I view the stately spire
That points to home of answered prayer
Where lofty thoughts on pinions soar
Beyond the dark Plutonian shore
To realms where night shall never fall,
Where our kind parent cares for all.
Where sweet communion and good will
The prophecy of love fulfill.
My country's theme let all peruse
Unstring the lyre, depart my muse ;
I'll importune no more thy lay
'Till ninety-two's reception day.





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